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A Touch of Magic
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THE

Commonweal

The Franco Regime

Spain Twenty Years Later

by Luis Granada

Juvenile Delinquents

In Our Image

by Gordon C. Zahn

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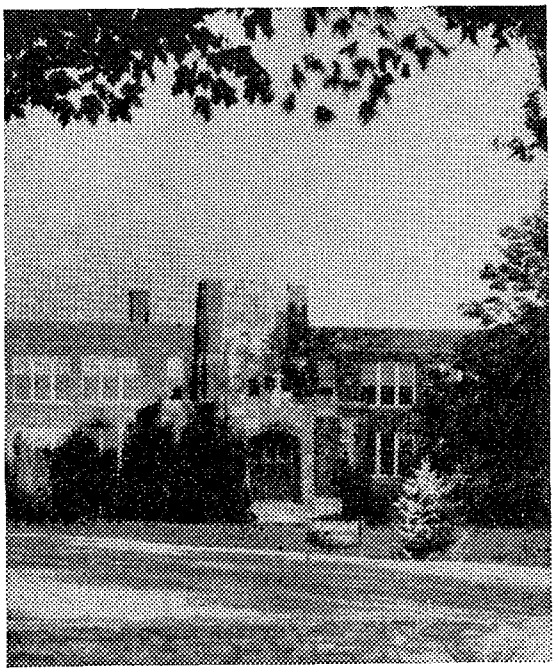

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Editor
EDWARD S. SKILLIN

Managing Editor
JAMES O'GARA

Associate Editors
JAMES FINN
RICHARD HORCHLER

Drama Critic: RICHARD HAYES; *Movie Critic:* PHILIP T. HARTUNG; *Social Action:* JOHN C. CORT; *Paris:* ROBERT BARRAT; *Rome:* GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN; *Great Britain:* MICHAEL P. FOGARTY

JOHN BRUBAKER: *Advertising Manager*

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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

TOWARD A CHRISTIAN DIALOGUE

FOR SOME YEARS now, religious leaders have been suggesting that a true dialogue between Catholics and Protestants in this country may finally be possible. It is not that Catholics and Protestants have completely ignored each other in past decades. There have always been exchanges of a kind. But, except in isolated instances, they have usually been initiated with the purpose of criticizing the excesses or deficiencies of the "other," of asserting one's own superior position, of enlarging one's own place in the sun. One tried to understand the other person's beliefs and practices only in order to rebut them.

For a variety of reasons the conditions which helped produce such attitudes no longer obtain. It may still be too early to expect in America the authentic dialogue which is a part of the religious life in several European countries. But it is not too early to work for those conditions without which the dialogue is impossible. Some of the ways in which this can be done are suggested in the June 8 issue of *Christianity and Crisis*. In the lead editorial, entitled "Protestant-Roman Catholic Dialogue," Dr. John C. Bennett touches on some of the changes which have been and are altering the religious situation in America. He also introduces to his readers the authors of the three articles which appear in this issue. All are Catholics whose names will be familiar to readers of The Commonweal, and each of them discusses some particular aspects of Catholic-Protestant relations.

Father Gustave Weigel, S.J., writing "Inside American Roman Catholicism," sketches the history which has shaped the Church in this country. Thomas F. O'Dea reaffirms the importance of Christian dialogue and asserts that only an authentic dialogue "will deliver us from the spell of the ideologists," who so frequently and harmfully impose their terms for discussion upon the larger community. In "A Roman Catholic View of American Protestantism," William Clancy points out how effectively the popular caricatures of the religious reality stifle discussion and evade real issues. He also suggests some changes which must take place before the present religious situation improves.

NONE OF THESE writers considers the problem of Protestant-Catholic relations in America as anything but thorny and difficult. If Christian dialogue is desirable, even necessary, it is not therefore simple and easy. This particular issue of *Christianity and Crisis* not only presents some of the ineluctable differences, but is itself an example of the means which must be taken to overcome them. Beyond this it illustrates some of the difficulties which will be encountered by anyone who concerns himself with the problem.

The lead editorial, for instance, states that "Catholics themselves should fully realize that a large and well-organized Roman Catholic majority in an American city is difficult for non-Catholics to live with! They should also realize, as some of them do, that traditional Roman Catholic teaching about the degree of religious liberty that would be granted to non-Catholics in a nation decisively controlled by Catholics remains a cause for worry." Several pages later Father Weigel writes: "One thing American Protestants must recognize, though they are slow to do so, is that American Catholics are no threat to them, nor do they wish to be. The diminution of Protestant power understandably makes Protestants nervous, but there is no ground in Catholicism for this nervousness."

The opposition between these two statements is not beyond resolution, but they clearly stem from different attitudes, each of which could be exag-

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gerated and caricatured by a religious ideologist. Only prolonged conversation taking place in an atmosphere of trust and friendship can dissipate the harmful misunderstandings which frequently develop when these attitudes, caricatured, are asserted as *the* Protestant or *the* Catholic position.

We must, to use a term of Maritain, work for "fraternal dialogue," a dialogue in which there is a forgiveness, not for mistaken ideas, but for the person we may judge to be mistaken. The genuine tolerance this implies is far from the sentimental avoidance of grave issues which separate or the discounting of fundamental beliefs in order that one may reach an apparent agreement. The tolerance which is required will stem from trust in God, belief in truth and love of our neighbor. To apply again a phrase of Maritain, it will make us go not beyond our faith but beyond ourselves.

THE QUIET U.N.

PUBLIC ATTENTION focuses most strongly on the United Nations at moments of crisis. This is, of course, inevitable. When a threat to world peace captures the headlines and national representatives rise in the U.N. to hurl charges and counter-charges, the entire effect is dramatic and attention-compelling. But between such crises the work of the U.N. goes on quietly, and if it is less dramatic it is nonetheless infinitely worthwhile.

Recently, for example, the U.N. reported on the last ten years of its program of technical assistance to the underdeveloped countries. The subject matter is more homely than exciting, dealing as it does with such problems as raising the output of eggs in Cambodia or teaching the Sudanese to extract alcohol from dates for export. But behind each one of the items reported there is real drama.

When people are on a low-protein diet, as in the case of Cambodia, a reduction in the mortality rate of hens and a consequent sharp rise in egg output can mean the difference between health and malnutrition. An irrigation system is not a subject of glamor, but U.N. help in Nicaragua is expected to double the nation's food crop. Similarly, development of a soya bean substitute for milk in Indonesia will make all the difference with thousands of infants.

All in all, one hundred and forty countries have received such U.N. technical assistance in the last decade. The cost to date has been $235 million, expended on everything from the establishment of a penicillin plant in India to a dairy industry in the Sudan, from a town development program in Greece to a malaria-control project in Burma. None of these projects is likely to be reported on the front pages of our daily papers, and we can understand why, but they deserve a salute from all of us, nonetheless, for they are truly works of peace.

BEYOND QUESTION

THE PROBLEM of obscenity—in legal and legislative terms—is not an easy one. Writers, literary critics, police officials, judges, religious spokesmen and ordinary readers have in the past disagreed spectacularly on what is art and what is obscenity, and no doubt they will continue to do so in the future. A case in point is the current dispute over the unexpurgated edition of D. H. Lawrence's novel *Lady Chatterley's Lover,* which the Post Office Department may ban from the mails as "obscenity."

In addition to being difficult, the problem of obscenity and its suppression is, as we know, a most important one, involving the right of free speech and the legitimate limitation of this right—questions which are crucial in a free society. Often, however, niceties of judgment and the accommodation of divergent views are not involved at all in public action against obscenity. In fact, it seems clear that the major threat to public decency from obscene publications lies not in the relatively few although highly publicized "borderline" cases but in the vast flood of out-and-out pornography which assaults the minds of American youth today. This stuff—or at least the greatest part of it—falls immediately and unquestionably under the public consensus as dealing with sex, in the words of the latest Supreme Court pronouncement on obscenity, "in a manner appealing to prurient interest." If those who are concerned by the promulgation of obscene publications would limit themselves to such obviously indefensible material, they would undoubtedly accomplish more good—and they would find, unfortunately, that they still had quite enough to occupy all their time and talents.

These reflections are provoked by the recent appeal to parents by the Post Office Department for help in stamping out the growing traffic in obscene and pornographic material. The department describes this sordid business as currently amounting to five hundred million dollars a year, and utilizing the basest methods of attracting its youthful "customers." The purveyors of such material manage to compile huge mailing lists of children's names, pieced together from various respectable

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sources or from responses to fraudulent advertisements in decent children's magazines. This year, the Post Office estimates, between seven hundred thousand and a million American children will receive unsolicited "filth" through the mails.

Dealing with this sort of thing poses no great difficulty in regard to the genuine questions of artistic expression, freedom of speech and censorship which are in continuous need of re-examination and discussion. Parents who encounter material of this stripe are urged by Post Office officials to bring it, envelopes and enclosures, to the local postmaster. The rest will be routine, because the matter in question—at least the greater part of it, and the part we should be most concerned with—is indisputably obscene. There is nothing gray or debatable here.

MORE ATTRACTIVE BONDS

PSYCHOLOGICALLY the effect is not happy when the United States Government has difficulty selling its longer-term securities. And when the Government's need for cash is urgent, it may have to sell short-term bills and notes which are immediately convertible. The higher the proportion of these liquid short-term securities in circulation, the less check there is supposed to be on inflation. That is an additional drawback.

On the other hand the higher interest rates on government bonds requested by the President would increase annual outgo. They would also tend to raise interest rates up and down the line, including the interest charges on bank loans to individuals for the purpose of financing basic household purchases. Much as Congress would like to make long-term government securities more attractive to investors, it is hesitant to take a step that would make things more difficult for needy borrowers. That is why some Congressmen favor leaving to the fluctuations in government bonds market quotations the task of regulating their actual yield. Either way, the prospect is not cheering.

ALGERIAN PROSPECT

THE FACT THAT many Frenchmen ardently believe in the civilizing mission of their native land is one element that complicates the Algerian situation. For them, independence could not be an acceptable solution. This is not necessarily true of General de Gaulle himself, for he is leaving open the ultimate political status of Algeria.

Meanwhile his effort to win over the Algerians is beginning to show certain results. Whereas the Moslems abstained from the first elections held after de Gaulle came to power, a number voted in the last two elections—over eighty per cent of the fourteen thousand councillors chosen were Moslems. There is, then, a certain response to de Gaulle's policy of fraternization.

Such a policy is highly unpopular with the French ultras in North Africa, appalled by the General's decree instituting voting equality in Algeria, where they are outnumbered by the Moslems nine to one. It is said to be more popular with the younger French officers who are inculcated with a sense of mission and who had, even before May 1958, set out to win over the Algerian people.

It is quite possible that these French soldiers are mistaken in their conviction that independence is no solution for the Algerians, that chaos and/or a Communist takeover would inevitably result. But it is hard not to be impressed with their new methods, which they have adopted so late in the struggle.

It is China which showed these soldiers the way —both their own shattering defeat in Indochina and Mao's success in his early days in building up a determined and effective peasant fighting force. Their key principle is to build instead of to lay waste. Villages, roads and bridges and irrigation projects proceed under the supervision of French army engineers; schools are built and manned by Frenchmen and Moslems in the most backward areas, while many localities are provided with medical care. Such facilities are not only a boon to the Moslems for whom they are provided but also combat chronic unemployment.

All this hardly seems to comprise "pacification" in the usual army sense. But it is coupled with the dispatch of numerous small contingents to outlying communities participating in these programs to provide protection from the armed raids of unbowed Algerian nationalists. To assure the Moslems who cooperate that they will be adequately defended in their new and improved conditions has an obvious importance.

Far less obvious is the reason for the persistence of reports of summary executions of prisoners, tortures and reprisals by the French soldiers in Algeria. Earlier this year such a course led to the issuance of a protest by the Chaplaincy of the army. This *Green Document* says about torture, in part: "It is actually the dehumanization or disintegration of the person obtained by the intensity and the refinement of physical or moral suffering. It seeks to despoil a victim of that self-possession and interior freedom

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which comprise part of the very essence and the integrity of the human person."

The bare notion of torture is abhorrent enough. But it is puzzling in the extreme how resort to it can be squared with any objective of winning wholehearted Algerian allegiance.

STRAUSS IN THE WIND

THERE IS a very real chance that Lewis L. Strauss will not be approved by the Senate for the cabinet post of Secretary of Commerce. Such a rejection of Mr. Strauss will be seen as either a tragedy or a victory for good government, depending on where one stands.

Obviously, a President should have the right, within certain fairly wide limits, to a cabinet of his own choosing. That is, a Presidential appointee should not be denied Senate approval merely because his political or economic views are repugnant to a majority of the Senators. There must be legitimate questions of his integrity and fitness for the post in question. Obviously again, the Democratic Senators who oppose Mr. Strauss for the powerful Commerce secretaryship are convinced that they are raising just such questions about him.

Administration spokesmen, from President Eisenhower on down, have reacted to this development with cries not only of anguish but bewilderment and incredulity—an attitude we find very strange. The record of Mr. Strauss' dealings with the other members of the Atomic Energy Commission, including the now ousted Thomas E. Murray, drew charges years ago of arbitrary decision-making and refusal even to consult his nominal colleagues. Under his chairmanship, the A.E.C. unquestionably withheld information which was later proved to be not militarily significant but politically important. Most important, perhaps, Mr. Strauss was active in promoting the Dixon-Yates power contract, which he still defends as proper and legitimate but which the Administration's own Justice Department, in its efforts to recover some of the funds advanced in that contract, now maintains was a fraud. It does not seem overly surprising, in view of this record, that some Senators felt entitled to question Mr. Strauss' "integrity and fitness."

What is surprising in the case is the fact that a Republican Senator and a Republican Congressman have—on the same day—suggested that the opposition to Mr. Strauss is "based on religious prejudice." Injecting the issue of anti-Semitism into the dispute is not only distasteful but silly. There has been no suggestion of anti-Semitism in the criticism of Mr. Strauss, and beyond that, the harshest critics of Mr. Strauss are precisely those "liberal" individuals, publications and organizations which have, as a matter of record, long labored to combat anti-Semitism and other prejudices as forces in our civic life.

THE POLICE AND THE POETS

NEW YORK is not San Francisco, you understand, but we do have our poets, and we do have our poetry readings. But for a few days the latter were in serious danger.

New York's poetry readings are largely confined to the coffee-houses in Greenwich Village. There the poets—beat and unbeat—regularly read their works aloud, by arrangement with either the proprietor or the poetry director, who normally is as unsalaried as the poets themselves. Coffee-drinkers hear poetry, the poets have an audience, and the coffee-shop proprietor does more business. All in all, a very fine arrangement.

Recently, however, the N.Y. police department began disrupting this poetic renascence by invading the readings to serve summonses on the proprietors. Poetry reading constitutes entertainment, said the police, and it must stop unless a cabaret license is obtained. (Here one of our more philistine friends who had attended on a bad night insisted the police had no case at all; whatever else it is, he said, the poetry reading is not entertainment.) And since few if any coffee-houses can afford cabaret licenses, New Yorkers stood to lose their chance to hear poetry with their coffee and the poets to lose their newly won audiences.

At this point, however, public protests mounted, and the police ended up in full retreat before the outraged lovers of poetry, a development at which we rejoice. The police insist on recording the names, addresses, fingerprints and serial numbers of all cabaret entertainers, and we don't doubt that they have whole volumes of law on their side when they insist poets come under this category, but we just don't care. Coffee-shop poetry ranges from bad through indifferent to—occasionally—good, but the point is that there is precious little poetry around these days, good or bad, and very few people to listen to it, either. In disputes such as this, therefore, we are on the side of the poets. As people say when they get a parking ticket, why aren't the police out chasing kidnappers or something?

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Spain Twenty Years Later

In a politically unstable country, the Franco regime has lasted incredibly long, but today no one would dare to predict the future

by LUIS GRANADA

IT IS TWENTY years since the Spanish Civil War ended. The government set up at that time was immediately judged from two opposing viewpoints. Its abnormal origins, the result of the Civil War, led almost everyone outside of Spain, and many Spaniards, to regard it as provisional, a kind of parenthesis or bridge whose rapid disappearance was hoped for. The regime itself felt quite differently, and the men who supported it without qualification considered that government definitive and permanent, taking official posts as if the Franco regime would endure forever. The fact is that the Franco regime has lasted incredibly long for a country as politically unstable as Spain. Today no one would dare to predict how much longer it will continue.

The proverbial Spanish image, especially that popular abroad, is that of a homogeneous bloc little susceptible to change. Certainly those outside Spain could perceive little variation in its political and social lineaments between 1939 and 1959. It is true that no change has been recognized officially; formally the regime continues with its original identity except for the so-called law of succession, which has no effect at present but refers to some hypothetical future. The Franco regime has always been affected by its origin in the Civil War. It has insisted on its absolute opposition to what preceded that conflict, not only to the Republic but also to the constitutional and parliamentary monarchy, and to all forms of liberalism and democracy. These are officially considered evils to be definitively overcome in Spain, although they are evils in which the United States and several European countries unaccountably persist. The regime has rejected any program of reform or evolution, has never admitted that anything needed to be rectified and has considered itself as perfected, definitive and therefore unchangeable.

Luis Granada is the pseudonym of a Spanish Catholic intellectual, writing in these pages for the first time.

Nevertheless, this period of twenty years has witnessed the greatest world changes in all of modern history. And as it would be impossible to hold back the course of history for twenty years, the change in Spanish life—although never admitted—has been considerable. It would be useful to record its principal steps since 1939.

THE FIRST PHASE consisted of setting up the regime and suppressing its adversaries. Franco had many enthusiastic adherents. Many of his enemies had no other course but to defend him because, although they were republicans to begin with, they felt equally alien to the policies followed by the Republic from the outset of the Civil War. Others, although they favored these policies, felt that their hopes had been deceived. Many of his adversaries, therefore, were inclined to accept the new regime with resignation in the hope of obtaining peace, or national reconstruction.

The suppression of Franco's enemies was three-fold. The first step was the punishment of crimes committed in the Loyalist cause. Everyone accepted this even though they realized that the crimes committed during the Civil War by the other side would not be punished —but rather the contrary. The second step was political suppression, punishment "for military rebellion" or "for help to the rebellion." This included those who did not rally to the Nationalists in 1936, or those who took opposing political or military action during the war. The third step was considering as suspects the millions of Spaniards who were not clearly "adherents of the regime," and, in many cases, handing out prison sentences.

More than anything else this perpetuated the division in Spain and kept alive the passions of the Civil War; it kept the war from becoming a historical event which was over. The first step was primarily the work of the

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Army of Occupation that put its administrative and judicial machinery into operation (complicated by special tribunals for the suppression of Free Masonry and Communism), which in a few months tried and incarcerated hundreds of thousands of Spaniards. In a few months or a few years these people were released in a wretched condition, converted, of course, into firm enemies of the regime.

The next period, from 1940 or 1941 until the end of World War II, was the era in which the Falangists tended to predominate and to express enthusiasm for Germany and Italy—in other words, for the policies of Hitler and Mussolini. The economic situation from 1939 to 1942 was desperate throughout a large part of the country. Things gradually improved after that, and new currents of restored vitality developed. The Falangists were enthusiasts, not cold-blooded, and they combined with violence certain indications of generosity. The review *Escorial,* edited by Dionisio Ridruejo and Pedro Laín Entralgo, published writers quite alien to the regime who wrote with a degree of freedom which could not be dreamed of today. It represented an attempt to reestablish peace among the Spanish people—an attempt doomed to be frustrated.

WHEN the Axis powers were defeated, the Franco government, which had been so closely linked with them, felt that it was in danger. It tried to eliminate its "Fascist" aspects and to appear more like the Christian Democratic regimes which were winning out in France, Italy and Germany. From 1944 to 1951 the domestic situation of Spain steadily improved. Everything was officially the same, but pressure was relaxed, violence reduced and the regime began to take itself less seriously. Peace in the nation became more possible. Although civil liberties were not recognized, more and more of them came into existence and life became increasingly normal.

These were the years of good feeling, with their hopes for gradual change and greater well-being. It was the phase of sympathy for the Allies, friendship for England and France and confidence in the United States. Many people expected these attitudes to exercise a beneficent influence, to liberalize to some degree and, possibly, to democratize Spanish politics.

Several factors obstructed this desired process, and by the end of 1951 these hopeful developments began to fade. It is clear that Russian success in the cold war lent esteem in Spain to *any* sort of anti-Communism. Moreover, the Soviets themselves were obviously interested in having Franco in power in preference to a government which would be friendly to the West as, for example, a constitutional monarchy. Finally the equivocal policy of inadequate aid, the withdrawal of Ambassadors and the exclusion of Spain from the United Nations all helped Franco within Spain itself. Many of his adversaries, as Spaniards, shared his sentiments, especially when the United Nations included countries as unfree as the Soviet Union, Yugoslavia, the Dominican Republic or the Argentina of Peron. Finally the most reactionary Spanish groups were alarmed by the increasing normalization of the domestic life of the country and urged the government to bring all its resources to bear. They worked for and obtained intervention in economic life, censorship, pressure against the universities, and suppression of the comparative tolerance that existed.

From 1952 on the situation again became more tense. The influence of the Falange declined, the formerly predominant Catholic groups (the Jesuits and Catholic Action) were gradually superseded by the *Opus Dei,* the most reactionary force that has existed in Spain in the last twenty years. Certain things which were possible one year were no longer possible in the next. The margin of freedom continually narrowed until it reached a minimum in 1956 and 1957, when, despite student demonstrations, there were eliminated from official posts all those who had manifested any affinity for more liberal policies, such as Minister of National Education Ruiz Giménez, and all his associates. A year later the *Opus Dei* was present in the government and in nearly all the vital centers of the country.

PARALLEL to these changes in the regime were others of even greater importance. The outlook of various social groups and even the forms of national life underwent noticeable changes. The standard of living of many Spaniards remains very low and the gap between the rich and the poor is enormous. But at the same time living standards have improved for great numbers of the population. The worker and the middle class peasant, whose living standards had been very low since the Civil War, today live better than they have for twenty or thirty years, primarily because they work longer or have better positions. There are scarcely any strikes and there are more jobs because of industrialization. There is a possibility of economic improvement—although it is poorer than in the rest of Western Europe, excluding Portugal. Moreover, the attitude of the Spanish worker has changed because he has had no opportunity to engage in political activity. He has been

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losing the "class consciousness" and "proletarian sentiments" which were his in the years just before the Civil War. His outlook is much more like that of the worker in many European countries or even in the United States. Yet in the last three or four years he has gone back to his ancient "proletarian" attitude, while there has been an unquestionable resurgence of a Marxist ideology in all strata of the population, especially among Spanish youth.

That is due directly to the impossibility of carrying on any political activity in Spain, since all discussion of political problems in the press or in any other public manner is strictly forbidden. Political activity must be secret, and as the Communists are the only ones who have the techniques and the organization for secrecy, they are the ones to profit most. Besides, the government is more tolerant toward them than toward Socialists, liberals and monarchists because it seems more probable that the present government would be supplanted by a modern democracy than by a Communist regime, and because the presence of the Communist danger is a persuasive argument when applying for help from Washington.

Official Spanish propaganda has followed a very clever course in regard to the United States. The regime—which is much closer to Fascism, National Socialism or Communism than it is to a liberal democracy which stresses public opinion, plurality of parties, religious liberty, freedom of the press, etc.—has naturally felt hostile to American principles and institutions. Yet the American air bases in Spain and official friendship between the two countries have led the Spanish people to include the United States in their animus toward General Franco. That is why anti-American sentiments are often expressed in the official press and over the official radio. The reaction to American aid has become more and more unfriendly. Therefore it becomes increasingly less probable that Spanish opposition forces will include any group that supports the United States. The day the Spanish regime changes, its successor will probably be anti-American.

THERE HAVE been considerable changes in the attitudes of the Church in Spain and of Spanish Catholics. Because of the religious persecution in the Republican sector during the Civil War, it was inevitable and justifiable that the Church found itself opposed to the Republic during that phase. But that does not equally explain why, for the most part, it was a wholehearted belligerent ally of the Nationalist side, or that it has since adhered without reservation to the victorious regime. The Church in Spain could have been the instrument of national reconciliation and peace and it has not. For many years there have been in Spanish churches prayers for those who have "fallen for God and Spain." This refers only to those who died in the ranks of the Nationalists, not to all who were killed in the Civil War. Officially the Church has uttered no public protests against injustices on the part of the State, although it has offered uncritical praise for the regime and the Caudillo. Some bishops, of course, have criticized various aspects of Franco's regime, but others have gone so far as to compare him to Christ, if with certain qualifications.

The Church has enjoyed a privileged economic position; it has also controlled education and wielded political influence which reached a climax in the Concordat of 1953 even though the great majority of Spanish Catholics opposed it. The result of all this has been a deep-seated anti-clericalism that cannot be expressed openly but which gets stronger by the day. This could easily be transformed into anti-Catholicism and a generally anti-religious outlook. The future of religion in Spain is a cause of anxiety even for those who are most optimistic.

In the last forty years Catholicism had made great gains in intellectual circles. But the recent hostility that some members of the Church showed to any innovation, even the most orthodox, and their connections with the intellectual and political groups which enjoy the least prestige in the country have reversed much of this. The youngest elements, precisely those that have been educated under the strict control of the Church, are much less Catholic, much less firm in their faith in every case, than the preceding generations, who had been educated under conditions of much greater freedom and submitted to a wide range of influences. Religion which is imposed inspires distrust and risks being violently rejected.

SOME OF THE factors in the situation, however, are favorable. The younger clergy and the members of religious orders who are under fifty years of age share an outlook which is much more open, less political and more purely religious. In general, they tend to differ with the dominant direction in the public life of the Spanish Church. The Jesuits, for fifteen years representatives of an extremely conservative force, are today divided between the oldest, who seek to carry on as before, and the youngest, who aspire to place themselves in the midst of the contemporary world and to confront its problems. Many of the latter, such as Father Llanos and Father Díez Alegría, are deeply interested in socio-economic problems and those of student life.

In intellectual matters there is also a division, so much so that at times the Jesuits do not take a position on important issues because of different tendencies within the Society that cannot be brought into agreement. To some extent the greater political influence of *Opus Dei* has made many Jesuits eager to lay aside the reactionary banner and to develop an outlook somewhat more like that of their American, English or

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French confrères. If this stage has not actually been reached yet, the youngest Jesuits greatly desire something of the kind and many Catholics hope for it. The Catholic religion still has profound roots in Spain and almost everyone welcomes with enthusiasm ecclesiastics who seem aware of political implications and are concerned about the problems of the present-day world. The hopes which the election of Pope John XXIII aroused in Spain are difficult to credit. It was generally believed that the new Pope had no links with official Spanish circles and that he does not look with favor on inquisitorial procedures in the Church.

After twenty years what is the political future of Spain? The impossibility of any political life for so long a period, the strict control of the media of communication, the army and police organizations, the existence of a vast and relatively satisfied bureaucracy, the connections with the regime of ecclesiastical authorities and financial powers—all this gives much strength to the Franco regime, which obviously is an exercise of personal power not shared with anyone. The Generalissimo's policy consists chiefly in not having a policy. He cannot fail because he does not undertake anything. The government's object is to continue and it does continue. It is opposed by no organized force.

The monarchy is a possibility, the best for many Spaniards, perhaps for the majority. But there are two factors opposing it. The first is that the Falange has succeeded in inculcating an anti-monarchist sentiment in Spanish youth—so much that those under thirty-five, even if they are not Falangists, tend to be anti-monarchists. The second factor is the belief that in case the monarchy is established it would be greatly influenced by *Opus Dei*. For many that means that Spain would pass from little freedom to less freedom, to a reactionary regime still more dangerous and constricting.

MEANWHILE, not Communism but rather an ideology which is "progressive," a "socialist realism" definitely Marxist, is making great headway especially among the relatively young. It often involves opposition to the United States, as in its admiration for Soviet Russia, Communist China, Poland and so forth. The day that, because of death, illness, or military or economic pressures, Franco relinquishes power, it is not impossible under certain international circumstances that a Communist regime will take over in Spain. But a "people's democracy" that would come to be much the same thing is more than probable. Its characteristics would naturally be: anti-Catholicism, anti-capitalism, anti-Americanism, probably a benevolent "neutrality" toward Russia, a very strict statist control, little or no freedom of the press or teaching. It is to be feared that a new repression would take place with "people's tribunals" under one name or another. There are millions of Spaniards who fear this will happen and who think that the longer the present regime continues as it is the more likely this will be.

There is a great mass of Spanish opinion that would like something quite different: liberty for Catholicism, but also for those who are not Catholics; personal liberty; limited power which leaves a margin for individual life; a system of independent justice and no return to the perennial cycle of "reprisals"; incorporation of Spain into the Western World, cooperation with Europe, the United States and Latin America; suppression of capitalist privileges and improvement in the condition of the poorest classes, who are not only the workers but also white-collar employees, operators of small businesses and so forth; above all, a stilling of the passions of the Civil War.

The Spanish Civil War, which ended twenty years ago, produced two groups of extremists (who are filled with hatred and violence) with the complicity or with the passive cooperation of many who are not in agreement with either one side or the other, and who did not want the war or the program of either belligerent. They had no means of opposing the war, so they chose what seemed to be the "lesser evil"—or they did not choose but circumstances made the choice for them, and they served ends that were alien to them in a bloody war which lasted for three years. Today the majority of the Spanish nation resists being made accomplices of either extreme group which would force them into another twenty years of political abnormality, struggle and deprivation of liberty. But perhaps it would be easier for that majority which has no means of expression if it were to encounter understanding and assistance in the free world, at least an opportunity to state what it seeks and what it does not want. For the Western World the choice would be whether to have an effective and reliable ally or to be faced with a grave problem. The vitality of Spain should not be underestimated—its present strength, its possibilities, its potential energy. It is not a matter of indifference for the United States, or for the world in general, whether Spain is a help or a problem in the next twenty years.

AN APPEAL

Sister M. Melanie, a Carmelite, writes from Kerala, South India: "Our work is mainly education and care of the destitute and poor—our children are the poorest of the poor, and these must find a safe place. We long to help them, improve their living conditions, so as to keep insecurity from the door." The hostel sought by the Carmelites for Catholic girls attending public educational institutions costs twenty-five thousand dollars. Donations may be sent directly to Sister M. Melanie, Carmel Hostel, Colton Hill, Trivandrum, Kerala State, South India (Airmail: 25¢).

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THE MODERATE MONKS

THERE IS A bit of the monk in every man. I thought of this recently when I spent a few days at the Benedictine Abbey at Collegeville, Minnesota. For one who lives in the hurly-burly of New York, is caught up in the swirl of controversy about public issues and subjected to the hundred and one daily distractions of urban living, a visit to any monastery is a welcome respite. A visit to a Benedictine monastery is like a return to sanity.

The peace and order of monastic routine, the paradoxical timelessness of days which are controlled by the tolling of bells, the enduring sense of proportion in a rule of life which integrates prayer, work, study and play—these appeals strike a responsive chord even in people whose vocation clearly lies elsewhere.

St. John's, the abbey at Collegeville, is the largest Benedictine monastery in the world, home of a university, a seminary for secular priests, a publishing center and a novitiate for young monks. It was from this monastery that the American liturgical movement was launched by the late Virgil Michel, whose work as editor of *Worship* has been ably carried on by Father Godfrey Diekmann. Through the liturgical movement the influence of St. John's has radiated throughout the United States and abroad, not only within the Church but outside. For *Worship* is widely read by many Protestant clergymen who have been led by it to a clearer understanding of the role liturgy plays in the Christian life. It is no secret that many American Protestants have rediscovered the altar in recent years. How much the liturgical movement launched at St. John's is responsible for this change is yet to be told.

As might be expected, the monks of St. John's carry out the liturgy with dignity and ease. Their conventual Mass is exquisitely beautiful and all the offices in their simplicity, the absence of all that is sentimental or contrived, are a memorable religious experience as well as an esthetic delight. Here the Roman liturgy is found in all its awesome dignity and restraint; here there are no false notes to spoil the perfect symphony of adoration, petition and thanksgiving which is the Latin Mass. The Mass, to be sure, is essentially the same the world over and really can not be spoiled, but most of us need periodically to be re-touched by its beauty, and just that happens, I am certain, to all who visit the monastery at Collegeville.

In the Catholic house there are of course many mansions. Each order and congregation in the Church reflects some aspect of the Church's life and history. Each has a distinctive spirit. Each was founded to meet a special need or to emphasize some special truth. Oddly enough, it seems to me that of all orders none is more suited to modern needs than the oldest of them all, the Benedictines.

The Benedictines were founded fifteen hundred years ago. Their history reaches back, back, back to the earliest feudal period. One would think that their monasteries would be anachronistic in modern America, that they would have about them the musty flavor of the past. And yet there is a timeless quality about the Rule of Saint Benedict, an essential balance in the Benedictine life that transcends change.

The Benedictine is the most catholic of the orders in so far as its emphasis is on the wholeness of the Christian vision. The monks do not seem to be deflected by pious fads, an overemphasis on one or another aspect of the Christian life, or by an overly insistent desire to keep up with the times.

These very qualities, it seems to me, make the sons of St. Benedict the most contemporary of orders, even though theirs is the most ancient rule in the Western Church. They wear their history lightly and press their case for integral Christianity gracefully. The wisdom of their founder, a man who valued moderation as few others in Church history, reaches across the centuries; what it has to tell us seems as pertinent in the twentieth century as it was the fifth. One never has the feeling with the Benedictines, as with some other religious groups, that they are bogged down in their own past or that whatever message they once had has been made irrelevant by the passing of time.

At St. John's the monks are building a new abbey church which promises to make architectural history. The church is only part of a vast rebuilding project planned for the next one hundred years. There is a wonderfully Benedictine touch to such a plan. One hundred years—and no one bats an eyelash at the seeming ambitiousness of the project. The monks look forward to another century with calm assurance. More than any other group I can think of, they can well afford to do so. One more century, after all this time, seems little enough to count on.

In a century perhaps my great-great-grandchild will visit St. John's. Though he will undoubtedly live in a world, or in a complex of worlds, much different from our present world, I suspect that the Abbey and the life lived there will have barely changed. And yet, I will wager that this great-great-grandchild of mine will also find that of all religious orders he has found the most modern, the most adjusted to the space age. He too will find that there is a bit of the monk in him. For the secret of Benedictine charm, I think, is that life in their cloisters is the essential Christian life writ large.

JOHN COGLEY.

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Are we looking for the wrong kind of cause for juvenile delinquency?

In Our Image

by GORDON C. ZAHN

JUVENILE DELINQUENCY is not a new phenomenon. In the "old days" (c. 1910 and World War I), "Teutonia Indians" and "Bloody Sixty-six" stirred much the same chill of terror now evoked by "Cobras," "Silver Arrows," and the other colorful names chosen by the marauding gangs of today. Then, as now, national-origin loyalties and prejudices combined with common area of residence to unite individual toughs into a predatory force—though the "territory" was then more an area of identification than a realm subject to the absolute sovereignty of a street gang.

But the similarities soon fade away before the differences between the gangs of then and now. The misdeeds of the older delinquents, as they are remembered, at least, seemed to consist of such offenses as crashing private parties for the purpose of carrying off whatever edibles might be found. Acts of physical violence generally involved clashes with those who tried to interfere with or resist these forays. This is not to say, of course, that they never engaged in more serious offenses, but at least they were not *known* for them. The escapades our elders recall would be regarded today as innocent pranks when compared to the terror that rules the streets of a modern metropolis.

The gang delinquents of our day boast of arsenals that include broken bottles, tire irons, knives, guns, dynamite, and acid. They are better organized and far more numerous. Their delinquencies are marked by greater daring and a studied disregard of all limits of malevolence and viciousness. Instead of being occasional and unexpected, their activities have come to be regarded as commonplace, even routine, occurrences. All generations have their share of sadists and compulsive killers, but organized beatings and killings "just for kicks," as described, for instance, by Harrison Salisbury in *The Shook-up Generation* (Harper, $3.95.), seem to indicate a new trend. This is especially compelling when considered in the light of the most horrifying fact of all—the steady decline in the age levels at which these offenses are committed.

Journalists, novelists, psychologists and sociologists have all concerned themselves with the "shook-up generation," its problems and its frightening behavior, in the hope of discovering the reason and a cure for juvenile delinquency. For the most part, the journalists and the novelists have had the greater impact. Salisbury, Benjamin Fine and their many colleagues can draw upon the full sensationalism of the problem in all its lurid dimensions to shock the public into awareness. Their more literary brothers probe into the inner depths of Nick Romano, Tomboy, and the "Amboy Dukes" to play upon the sensitivities and sympathies of the understanding reader. Both approaches, however, rest upon the oversimplification of a complex problem; and it is no surprise to find the explanation (and the solution) expressed in equally oversimplified form—whether it stresses family responsibility and laxity, the hereditary determinism of a "bad seed," or the environmental determinism that assures the reader that the delinquent lurks behind any door in any slum neighborhood.

ONE WOULD LIKE to be able to say that the social scientist has done much better, but, generally speaking, he has not. True, we have a wealth of carefully detailed and large-scale research programs furnishing clear evidence of the multi-dimensional character of the delinquency problem, but as these seldom reach the general public, most people hear and accept the more superficial explanations. And even if the scientific studies were known, it is unlikely that they would be effective; for the more careful the method and the broader the scope of such investigation, the less likely it is to produce conclusions that lend themselves to general explanations and applications. The net result is that while social scientists have been able to free themselves from the easy attraction of deterministic explanations, the layman becomes ever more impatient with the growing complexity of their findings and ever more willing to turn to the daily newspaper or the latest paperback for the real, down-to-earth facts and answers.

This is not to say that the social scientist has contributed nothing. He has helped to establish some degree of validity, however limited, to most of the "common sense" explanations. There are now studies

Mr. Zahn is a member of the sociology department at Loyola University, Chicago. This is his first appearance in The Commonweal.

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which give clear statistical support to the harmful influence of a bad physical environment, to the destructive impact of a broken home; and detailed case history analysis has confirmed the role played by the individual's own physiological and psychological malformations or maladjustments. To the extent that all the "total" explanations are given scientific support, however, all of them necessarily suffer some deflation and modification.

These findings represent important gains, of course, but they offer small consolation when we compare them with the rate of increase in the incidence and malevolence of the phenomenon itself. The evil is fast outdistancing our poor efforts to isolate its causes, much less cure or even control it.

PERHAPS this is because we are looking for the wrong kind of cause—or looking in the wrong places. The study of the delinquent, juvenile or adult, is usually set in the framework of a deviation from the accepted social norms; he is seen as a rebel, with or without a cause, who, alone or in the company of other like-minded rebels, scorns and seeks to overthrow the dominant values of Society. Occasionally one encounters an exception—Albert K. Cohen's 1955 study, *Delinquent Boys: The Culture of the Gang,* being one outstanding example—which approaches the delinquency problem as one not of deviation in itself but, rather, of conformity to a deviant value system held by some group more immediately crucial to the delinquent than the more abstract and distant "Society." This is an important shift of focus; neither the individual nor even the gang but, instead, the "sub-culture" of the neighborhood or community becomes the culprit.

This should not be confused with the old-style environmental determinism which viewed delinquency as the direct product of material deprivation, slum housing, recreational deficiencies, etc. These things are important, of course, but they are now important in that they contribute to a cultural setting in which distinctive patterns of social interaction emerge, producing an equally distinctive system of values. Such a system of values can linger on long after the tenement gives way to the public housing towers and their carefully planned playground program and facilities. It is in the molding force of such subcultures that one may find the true leads to an understanding of the problem of the delinquent and his behavior.

Though this approach does emphasize the conformity aspect of delinquency, it still holds to the basic deviation formula, merely shifting the onus of the delinquency from the deviant individual to the deviant neighborhood subculture. As such it would apply to the "Teutonia Indians" of the 1910's as truly as it does to the "Egyptian Kings" of the 1950's. We are still left with the problem of the critical differences between them. To understand these an even more drastic approach may be in order, one which departs from the basic deviation concept as it is customarily employed.

No one would suggest that the behavior patterns we call delinquency are not in a very real sense a departure from the general norms (at least as the general norms are overtly expressed; Kinsey's disturbing discoveries of the widespread incidence of sexual "delinquencies" on the part of the general population are relevant here!). However, even though the *fact* of deviation is accepted, one may still challenge the *direction* usually ascribed to that deviation. In short, I am suggesting that much of our present delinquency problem—and certainly its most significant characteristics—represents not a rejection or flaunting of our contemporary social values but, rather, an overacceptance of these values leading to a distortion in the form of carrying them to their "logical" extreme of application.

THE KEY to the whole problem lies in the quality and not the quantity of delinquent behavior. The prevailing characteristics of such behavior seem to incorporate, first, an utter disregard of the intrinsic worth of human life and rights; second, an almost completely hedonistic orientation at the price of abandoning or denying all moral self-restraint; and third, a slavish acceptance of peer group evaluations as the final test of one's own importance and meaning to himself.

It should not be too difficult to see that these characteristics are really exaggerations of behavior guides that rule much of our "normal" and "respectable" ways of life. The joy-riding young demons on a hundred-mile-an-hour spree are not too far removed from the reputable exurbanite heedlessly pushing his chariot of death to its maximum speed—or, for that matter, from the even more reputable manufacturer who was well aware that his product's greater size and increased speed potential would be measured by new record highs in highway murder. The alcohol-drug-and-sex orgy of the teenage gang finds striking parallels at a more restrained level in the mores and tastes of enlightened sophisticated society and are certainly a direct response —perhaps more honest, however crude—to the battery of sex-and-fun stimuli to which everyone is subjected by the advertiser, the sensation press, and the prominent figures of all the entertainment worlds. Finally, the importance of proving oneself to his fellows, even though "proof" that one is not "chicken" may involve some act of delinquency, mirrors grotesquely the unending striving for status and acceptance, regardless of the price, that sets and maintains the pace in the "rat race" of the "organization man."

If this is "the shook-up generation," that term ap-

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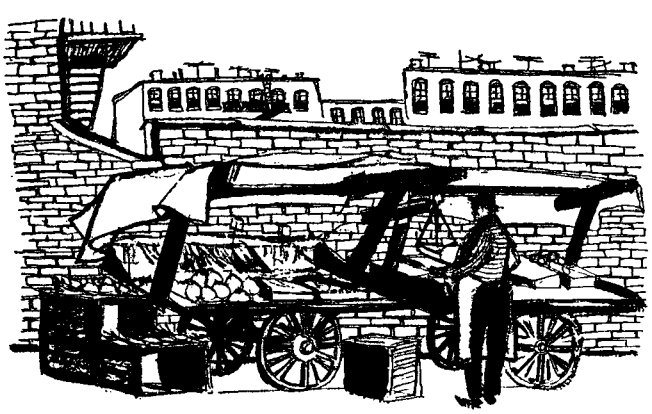
plies to all of us, not only to the teenage thug with the zip gun and the leather jacket. Whence our right to criticize his disregard for human life, we who have seen the bodies burned to ashes at Buchenwald and Hiroshima, we who are willing to accept the fact that we are preparing to use ("only as a last resort," of course) new and inhumanly murderous weapons that are "on target" if they fall within fifty miles of their military objective? How can we who have renounced our own sense of ultimate personal moral responsibility challenge the conformity of the youth who rides the social current into the jungle of the street gang? It is no accident that the most vicious gangs model their organization, their alliances, and their "rumbles" after the patterns set for them by their elders, even their supposedly responsible elders who engage in the game of international power politics.

OF COURSE, not all of us carry our social values to such "logical" extremes of violence, and it is here that specific personal or social handicaps and influences become relevant in that they operate as selective factors. Most of us, juveniles and adults, do develop a measure of self-restraint and maturity that makes it possible for us to draw lines and call a halt this side of delinquency and crime. Not so the delinquent. Limited intellectual endowment or retarded intellectual development, poor home and neighborhood environments, economic and recreational deprivations —all these serve to make him more *susceptible* to the pervasive amorality or outright immorality of the general culture, just as inferior physical endowment and development or a state of physical weakness make some individuals more readily susceptible than others to infection when all are equally exposed to a raging epidemic.

Salisbury comes close to this conclusion by declaring in his book that "surely it is in our value system that the germ of the trouble lies hidden." Even more to this point are the words of Dr. Albert Schweitzer: "Increasingly, there is lost the consciousness that every man is an object of concern for us just because he is a man; civilization and morals are shaken and the advance to fully developed inhumanity is only a question of time."



Is this the factor that has been lacking to confound all our efforts to explain and solve the problem of the delinquent—the patterned inhumanity of Society itself, arising from the loss of the sense of individual human dignity and moral responsibility? If yes, it is futile for us to turn to such proposals as a "return to the woodshed" penology or the more elaborate but equally sterile blueprints of the social engineer. The real solution becomes terribly simple, just as it is terribly hard. Man must again become an object of concern for us "just because he is a man" and not because he is a potential customer or competitor, fellow national or enemy, or even the anonymous "other" who has it in his power to help or hinder us in our efforts to find a comfortable niche in an admittedly uncomfortable world.

The terror that stalks our streets has been fashioned in our image; not an image buried in the night depths of subconscious fears and evil urges, but an image blazoned forth in headlines, on billboards, everywhere we turn. Until we correct our value system (the one we live by, not the one we proclaim), until we destroy the deadly germ from which the poison growth of delinquency has sprung, it is a hopeless challenge that we face.

REQUIEM FOR A NUN

Watching your near anonymous hand
gesture an aspen or a lenten Christ,
I saw meaning in all this.

Suffering had skulked your bed circling
you in lewd embraces crushing
your heart to blood and water
rushing from your side,
perfecting
with methodic craftsman's touch the warmth
of your eyes and your wrist's shy curve.

Perfect you triumph though time was
when aspen, rose, and lenten Christ
beat in your fingertips folded this last time
on your coat of many colors;

and that heart heavy with love
your worn lips cracked with hours of prayer
silent now:

your body broken on pain's slow wheel
was more eloquent never, nor a winter rose.

JOHN L'HEUREUX.

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A CHILD AND THE THEATER

A Touch of Magic

by LUCILLE SCHULBERG

WHEN I WAS thirteen, my life force was a passion for Helen Hayes. If she had not been playing "Victoria Regina" for me every Saturday afternoon, I would have died. It was as total and simple as that and began the first time I saw her.

I was only going to a matinee with my best friend, Winifred. We were even especially casual that day because we had sat in the smoking car during the whole trainride from Mount Vernon, where we lived, to New York. We had scheduled our usual extra time. At the Broadhurst Theater, we sat back in the red plush seats and chatted and read the Playbill and read it again and chatted some more and the theater filled up around us and the lights went down and the curtain rose.

From the moment Helen Hayes appeared on stage, a young girl in a full white gown at the top of a dark flight of stairs, I was spellbound. Her voice, her gestures, her presence transfixed me. I remained transfixed throughout every scene, and when the play was over I didn't want to leave. I wanted to stay in the theater forever. I wanted to see her again. I wanted to rush up to the stage where she had been. Winifred barely managed to get me home.

The next day I knew where Helen Hayes was born, where she went to school, when she went on the stage, how she lost her Southern accent, what her mother said to Lew Fields, how she looked when she was nine, the plays she had been in, her best lines, the way she said them, the costumes she wore, the movies she made, her religion, how she met her husband, what he said when they met, where she lived, the age of her daughter, how she made herself look tall, her best friend, her favorite dog and her immaculate reputation.

But I didn't know how I would manage to see her every week. A reality stood in the way—I had to have money. My family was relatively understanding (my father hoped for a quick end to my "convalescence"), but they wouldn't raise my allowance for Helen Hayes' sake. Desperate, I wrote the American Stationery Company for a sample book and began to plod through Mount Vernon, taking orders for writing paper from my mother's friends. They could buy one hundred sheets of white, pink, blue or gray paper, with matching envelopes, names and addresses imprinted in harmonizing colors, in a box for one dollar. I netted twenty-five cents a box and set a schedule of five sales a week. A dollar-and-a-quarter was all I needed.

TO GO to New York by train again was out of the question. I had to ride a rattling trolley car on the other side of the railroad tracks. It was a No. 7 and I didn't like it from the first Saturday I stepped aboard. But it only cost a nickel and it went to the tail end of the subway line, at 241st Street and White Plains Road. The subway cost another nickel. Transferring to the New Lots line at 149th Street, I was delivered to 42nd Street with only a dime gone. Twenty-five cents for lunch, fifty-five cents for a theater ticket, and money to spare to get home.

The Broadhurst Theater was my first stop after I arrived at Times Square. I simply stood at the entrance and sighed thanksgiving. Then I walked to the front of the theater and looked at the pictures on the billboards. They were taken by Vandamm and showed all the best scenes from the play.

In one photograph, Helen Hayes was the young, girlish Queen Victoria, posed alongside her mother, the Duchess of Kent. I looked directly at the picture and was resolute. "Now that I am queen . . ." I said, "I wish in future to have a room and a bed of my own."

In the next picture, Helen Hayes was the old queen, sitting heavily, but straight, among generations of her family. "Albert," I sighed. "Ah! If only *you* were here."

At the picture of Vincent Price in a long tight-sleeved dressing gown, standing in front of an old-fashioned shaving mirror with froth on his face, I laughed gaily, softly, tenderly: "Not *soup,* Albert. Soap!"

The next regular stop was inside the lobby, where Harry Essex sometimes allowed me to have a conversation with him. The company manager of Helen Hayes' plays was a short man with a completely circular face and that pink-and-white look of fair-haired men gone bald. He didn't actually talk to me. I'd say, "Everything going well today?" and he'd answer with a blank stare. I'd try, "I guess you have a full house." Usually he looked at me sadly, as though I were a smudge on the floor.

When I became very hungry, I left the theater and walked up to Broadway and into Romeo's Restaurant,

Miss Schulberg is on the staff of a New York advertising agency. This is her first appearance in The Commonweal.

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where a live chef at the window pulled my portion of spaghetti out of an enormous cauldron. For a quarter, I got a hard roll and butter, spaghetti, tomato sauce and all the cheese I wanted to sprinkle on top. I drank water.

By the time lunch was over, I was ready to forego the Broadhurst for a few hours and hurry to another theater. (I only allowed myself to see "Victoria Regina" every six weeks.) If there were no fifty-five-cent seats left for one of the other plays nearby, I went back to the Broadhurst and stood in the lobby or on the sidewalk outside. If it grew too biting cold on the street, I sometimes went into Sardi's.

BEYOND the doors of Sardi's were Vincent Sardi, senior, and Renee Carroll. The most famous hat-check girl in the world always sat on what seemed a very low chair three paces in from Sardi's popular telephone booth near the door. Her hair was flaming red, and she generally had the manuscript of a play in her lap. I would push myself small against the phone booth and she would look up with a crooked smile, waiting to see if I was going to come all the way into the restaurant.

"Seeing Helen Hayes?" she'd ask, and I would nod timidly. She was very well-known. I had read about her in the newspapers. I had seen an entire column about how playwrights and producers actually consulted her about which plays should go on and which shouldn't.

But Vincent Sardi, who was even more famous, was the warmest, most wonderful man in the world. He would come up to me, big and sympathetic and steel-haired and kind, and, gently smiling down, draw me into the heart of the restaurant and hold out the table while I slid into a front booth. From the spot Mr. Sardi chose, I could look up at the Garde caricature of Helen Hayes on the wall, and over to the Broadhurst Theater, too.

I usually ordered just milk, but Mr. Sardi would bring a piece of cake or rich pastry to go with it. (Once I ordered coffee. It came in a silver pot, and the red-coated waiter poured it with an elegant flourish into a big, deep cup. I reached for the cream and then, in a moment of exquisite maturity, decided to drink it black.)

I always asked the waiter for a check and he almost always shook his head to say Mr. Sardi had already signed it. I would leave my unspent fifty-five cents on the table as a tip.

Soon it was quarter to five. From a theater, from Sardi's or the open air of Broadway, I rushed to Helen Hayes' theater for the climax of the day. When I got there, her car was already waiting at the curb in front of the stage door, with her chauffeur, Herman, settled down in the front seat calmly reading his newspaper. I could reach out and touch Helen Hayes' car. Not after the matinee, but after the performance tonight, Helen Hayes would actually sit in that car, tired, relaxed, perhaps saying a cheery word to Herman. The car would race over the highway, out to the country, whiz through the night almost like any other car going home late from New York. But Helen Hayes would be in it every minute. Helen Hayes might will her fingers to hold that strap, tap a cigarette against that ashtray. That very ashtray.

Waiting close to the doors in the lobby of the theater, I could hear a high clear voice and other voices, muffled and echoing, as "Victoria Regina" began to end. I braced myself for the impact of the first wave of applause. Then I stood back as ushers swung the doors open.

A roar and a pause. A roar and a pause. The curtain calls began. As people hurried out of the theater, I curled in, until I reached the back of the orchestra. Then I lifted my eyes up to the stage. There, under the padding and bulging cheeks of old Queen Victoria, stood Helen Hayes.

Maybe people pushed and rushed around me, but I didn't feel them. I just looked up and clapped my hands until they were pink and sore, and Helen Hayes answered, bowing and smiling. I never could applaud long enough.

Before I reached the stage door, Herman had already folded his newspaper and gone backstage. The crowd had gathered. Mostly they were well-dressed girls who had just come from the matinee and were holding their programs carefully, but sometimes boys joined the group and generally three or four mothers hovered out on the edges, half-smiling to hide their feeling silly. By 5:30, it began to grow darker and colder. The others stayed knotted together but I paced up and down, away from them, as though I were not really waiting.

THE VIGIL at the stage door was my only chance to enter the life of Helen Hayes. Invariably, a kind-voiced man would come from backstage and collect everybody's program for her to sign in the dressing room, but perhaps she would give an autograph here in the open even though it was cold. Perhaps this once, she would come out and stop, talk to us, ask my name and remember it, say she had read my letters. She might ask me into her dressing room to talk. I wondered what it would be like to sit across from Helen Hayes with her looking at me the way I read she always looked when she talked to someone, as though that person were the last person she would hear on earth.

But even if she stopped, she wouldn't remember me. I could see hundreds and hundreds of letters poured from a mail sack, covering her desk, whatever kind of

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desk it was, in that big house in Nyack. I knew there was a chance she never even read my letters. Probably the only one who saw my letters was her secretary, who had answered one of them once.

And what did letters matter anyway, if you lived in the theater? Even I received letters sometimes. Anybody could. Nothing I did or that happened to me could happen to Helen Hayes. I couldn't imagine her waking up to an alarm clock at 7:30 in the morning to get right out of bed and ready for school. She probably awakened in a room like one in a palace, and the most beautiful tray was probably brought in to her, a tray with a flower on it and a newspaper placed in one corner, not to be read, but because that's what went on an elegant tray. She probably sipped her coffee with the sun coming through the window just to make her shine. Although I really couldn't understand how a person would want to drink anything before she brushed her teeth.

I saw Helen Hayes in a long, lovely gown, trailing through the rooms of her house, arranging flowers in a silver vase here, or embracing her daughter with her eyes as a nanny combed out Mary's long blonde hair. I saw her at parties with Charles MacArthur, the quiet queen amidst marvelous revelry. And then, at the proper time, I saw her entering her car and being carried between the endless stretches of beautiful countryside where she lived and this theater street.

I tried to imagine her accidently breaking a fingernail and swearing, or being annoyed because someone couldn't keep a lunch date, or even kicking her shoes off because her feet hurt, but it was beyond the realm of possibility.

The only possibility was to stand here quietly and wait while the minutes and half-hours dribbled by. Occasionally the heavy door disgorged members of the cast and the crowd stirred briefly, but mostly it was stolid waiting. The cold would seep up to my ankles and my fingers would go numb.

Then suddenly, the people closest to the stage door started to shuffle their feet and a wave of excitement rippled from them through everyone on the sidewalk. There was a flurry, a cry, "She's coming," and a surging forward. Herman was first. He elbowed his way to the car. Then another man, talking to someone behind him. Then another man and a phalanx of men, fierce and bustling and protecting, and between them, if I looked *now,* I would see Helen Hayes.

But I couldn't look.

I shut my eyes and turned away. My knees shook and my hands began to tremble. I huddled deep inside my coat, and twisted my face in an agony of not looking. Finally, I heard the silky click of the car door closing, and I could just force my eyes open and glance quickly over my hunched shoulder. And Helen Hayes' car disappeared into traffic.

THE SCREEN

NOT YET BEGUN

FOR SOME STRANGE reason, film-makers, although they like to make forays into the historical field, haven't done much with John Paul Jones and his Revolutionary period. However, the new movie directed by John Farrow on the man usually considered the father of the American navy isn't likely to inspire producers to search for more neglected heroes of the late eighteenth century. "John Paul Jones" is a peculiarly dull film, pedantic and undramatic; and in doing the script Farrow and Jesse Lasky, Jr., apparently never made up their minds if they had written for adults or earnest, fact-seeking teenagers. The script is packed with details tracing John Paul from his native Scotland to his apprenticeship at sea, then to the Colonies where he added Jones to his name and participated vigorously in the Revolution even though he was discouraged because the infant navy of the new country was already influenced by pull and corruption, then to France from which he made raids on English ports in the *Ranger* and later won his famous "I-have-not-yet-begun-to-fight" victory in the *Bonhomme Richard,* then after the war to Russia to win victory for Catherine in the Black Sea before returning to France to die. The facts are there all right—with plenty of fictional slant—but the material, except for some expertly staged sea battles, is rather uncinematic, and the effect is more like a long illustrated lecture than anything else.

While Samuel Bronston's production in Technirama and Technicolor is handsome in individual scenes, its total effect is that of a series of well-staged tableaux. Robert Stack drew the task of portraying Jones the man, but Director Farrow too often allowed him to walk through a scene in a stilted manner. Stack is surrounded by an impressive list of "guest stars" playing an impressive list of historical characters: Macdonald Carey as Patrick Henry who marries Jones' first love (Erin O'Brien), Charles Coburn as the owlish Benjamin Franklin, Jean Pierre Aumont as Louis XVI of France, Marisa Pavan as his illegitimate daughter whom Jones loves and loses, Peter Cushing as the captain of the *Serapis* who is very manly in defeat, and Bette Davis as Bette Davis as Catherine the Great. In spite of this good cast and the picture's expensive and often accurate production, "John Paul Jones" has little depth; its hero is a rather colorless figure more interested in himself than in the principles of liberty. Perhaps Jones was such a man, but we learn little about what motivates him through this film. Children may find it an interesting accompaniment to their history lessons; adults have a right to expect more.

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IN HIS NEW comedy Jerry Lewis also plays a navy hero—no less than John Paul Steckler VII, a lieutenant who finds himself in an awful pickle. It seems that way back in World War II a destroyer escort was charged out to him, and the ship hasn't been seen since; now the navy better find it, or the Congressional committee won't grant its appropriation. Much of "Don't Give Up the Ship" is fun, with many of the jokes depending on the fact that the harassed Jerry Lewis was just married, so that his bride (Diana Spencer) waits for him impatiently while he is hunting for the missing ship with the help of psychiatrist Ensign Bensen (Dina Merrill) and a petty-officer-turned-wrestler (Mickey Shaughnessy.) Moviegoers less enthusiastic about the Jerry Lewis brand of zaniness may soon weary of the whole thing, but kids may like its humor and slapstick situations.

TO RETURN to history, there's "The Young Land," a minor but interesting film about the town of San Bartolo in southern California, set in 1848, just after the territory has been acquired by the United States. The tiny town is bursting with excitement because a young American gunman (Dennis Hopper) has ruthlessly murdered a Mexican and is now being held by the very youthful acting-sheriff (Pat Wayne) until the Federal Judge (Dan O'Herlihy) arrives for the trial. Tension mounts with the coming of the judge, the difficult selecting of the jury, and the start of the trial—the outcome of which is important because not only a man but American justice is on trial. Furthermore, the young sheriff is in a precarious position: if the obviously guilty murderer is freed, the tough Mexican *vaqueros* will try to polish him off; whereas if he is found guilty, his own band of lawless followers will try to free him. Although "The Young Land" gets rather talky at times, Patrick Ford's production and early American atmosphere are good; and the picture makes its points well about the rough types who settle a young land and the need for stern law to prevent injustice and prejudice against so-called second-class citizens. Adult audiences may grow somewhat impatient at the film's carefully spelled-out message, but the young should benefit from the worthwhile themes and will especially enjoy the exciting action and the youthful cast, well directed by Ted Tetzlaff. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

BOOKS

Preparation to Embark on the Life of the Intellect

MEMOIRS OF A DUTIFUL DAUGHTER. By Simone de Beauvoir. Translated by James Kirkup. World. $5.

By ROSEMARY F. DEEN

THE PATTERN of Simone de Beauvoir's book, titled in French *Mémoires d'une Jeune Fille Rangée,* combines two themes: what she lost and what she became. The unhappiness of youth is largely a matter of the losses coming first—it lies in the necessary lag between knowing what you are not, before becoming what you are. No woman could regret the loss of the restrictions imposed on the nineteenth-century bourgeois well-bred young lady: letters read first by one's mother, questionable pages pinned together in one's books, the prudish silences. What does disturb the young Simone is the loss of a favored position in the family, the shock and hostility of her parents, and, especially, the lack of a world to go to from the well-ordered, familiar one being left behind.

Though she lost most of the faiths and idols of her class, Mlle. de Beauvoir was no rebel. She had a well-endowed nature: impetuous, energetic, and inclined to *extrémisme.* Balancing these was a quality implied by *rangée*—a steadiness that becomes what she calls her "implacable, austere seriousness . . . that I submit to as a burden I *have* to bear." As a child she emulated the life of her parents and class, but could not help noticing that the facts of experience did not conform to the prescriptions of this class. Her discovery at the age of eleven of her love for her friend Elizabeth astonished her, because she had understood that one's affective life was limited to the family. She says that she "learned that in order to enter into the secrets of things you first of all have to give yourself to them," and this explains her range of attitudes to her class from submission to rejection.

The de Beauvoirs lived for the realities of the nineteenth century bourgeoisie: "race, country, class, family, and nationality." Mme. de Beauvoir was an ardent believer, but would rather condemn than endure the confusion of debate. She believed in charity, but not that the enemy in war was human. Her husband, an unbeliever, worshipped the ideas and culture of his class. He was "as convinced of Dreyfus' guilt as my mother was of the existence of God." The young Simone found that her spiritual life, represented by her mother, and her intellectual life, expressed by her father, were "radically incongruous." The result was, "I set God apart from life and the world."

Given the kind of identification of Catholicism with bourgeois ethics that the young Simone was raised in, it is not surprising that she lost her faith. When the world, from which God had been set apart, became dear to her, He became a phantom. It was logical for her nature to go to extremes: "However little you withheld from Him, it would be too much if God

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existed; and however little you gave Him, it would be too much again if He did not exist." Later when she encountered the great contemporary Catholic writers, Mauriac, Peguy, and Claudel, she had no inclination to turn back. In fact, "I had no difficulty in blending Claudel and Gide; in both of them, God was defined in relation to the bourgeois world as the *other,* and everything that was other was a manifestation of something divine." The illogic of the last clause represents a kind of mysticism of the outcast: ". . . there is not much distance between a superhuman sacrifice and a gratuitous crime."

The contrast between her father's example and her mother's teaching created in the young Simone "an endless debate" that "explains to a great extent why I became an intellectual." The need to find new concepts had been evident to her since childhood when she was taught to see evil and good as absolute black and white but actually saw shades of gray. Her dilemma was plain when she tried to define what she actually saw: "I had to use words, and then I found myself back in a world of inflexible concepts." Experience pressed upon her the ordeal of interpretation, and her parents themselves forced her to break with tradition by pushing her into a career. Her father had to face his dwindling capital and the realization that without dowries his daughters could not marry in their class. Though her career at the Sorbonne was brilliant, her parents bitterly resented what she was becoming and tried to the last to make her conform to their traditions.

It was a time of extreme misery for her, relieved in her last year when her knowledge and confidence had developed and she met Sartre. He was preparing to devote his whole life to writing and proposed to encourage her writing. "Except when he sleeps," a friend told her somewhat apprehensively, "Sartre *thinks* all the time." She admired not only the straightforwardness of his thinking but his generosity in giving his time. In his group there was an abundance of intellectual energy and wit. His first present to her, a reference to her thesis on Leibnitz, was a drawing entitled, "Leibnitz Bathing with the Monads." Sartre and Herbaud would sing such original compositions as "a motet on one of Descartes' chapter headings: 'Concerning God: wherein is given further proof of his existence.' "

The most remarkable thing about this book is that the reader sees an intellectual forming in the seedbed of her "dutifulness" up to the time when her choice makes her rejection of the values of her class inevitable. "I had set myself this heavy program, for I enjoyed the difficult: but in order that I might embark lightheartedly on such an undertaking, it was essential that my studies should not just represent an offshoot of my life, but should be my entire life itself. . . . I had no subversive ideas; in fact, I hardly had any ideas on anything; but all day long I would be training myself to think, to understand, to criticize, to know myself. . . ." The marks of her calling are plain here in her willingness to choose and dedicate and in her awareness of the order of apprenticeship that choice entails. But beyond this, the intellectual is as plain to see as a gifted dancer and by some of the same marks. It is not only the difficult things each can do, nor even the disciplined ease with which they are done, but the delight that marks the act: "I might embark *lightheartedly.*"

An Oft-told Tale

A TRAVELING WOMAN. By John Wain. St. Martin's Press. $3.95.

By ROBERT GUTWILLIG

JOHN WAIN'S new novel, *A Traveling Woman,* is, to put it bluntly and mildly, familiarly disappointing and disappointingly familiar. In fact, it is so generously much of each, so reminiscent of so many other contemporary novels, so redolent of their dank shabbiness that for a time I kept hopefully telling myself that Mr. Wain was having me on. "Go on, Wain," said I, "have your little joke at my expense. I can wait, I have time." But, you know, he isn't kidding.

A Traveling Woman is the story of common, everyday adultery, about which the author takes a very dim view. It all happens this way. There are these three couples and one bachelor. The first couple is George and Janet Links. He's a solicitor. At least it says he is, but he might just as well be a milkman or a third baseman. She wears peculiar spectacles, but her heart's in the right place. Then there's Barbara and Evan Bone. She's a pretty nitwit and he's a jealous lout. Bone's problem is that he "married a too pretty wife, married her for her prettiness, and was unsure of his power to hold her."

And if it's depth the reader wants, there are the Cowleys, Edward and Ruth. Edward has written *The Discovery of Faith,* which he promptly loses. He is a large, voluble man, bulging with free advice and chock full of creamy goodness. Now Ruth seems to be perfectly nice and all, but then she goes to bed with George, saying, "Yes, action, yes only don't talk. Don't say anything. I hate you when you talk." Ruth, apparently, is intended to be all Woman, with all her hidden depths and complexities and contradictions and things.

And then there is, of course, the bachelor, Frederic Captax. Freddie's a flabby pathologist who starts the whole messy business by persuading George to come up to London to see a psychiatrist. Not that George wants to see Mr. Volumnis, not that Captax cares either, but they both figure that George will have to stay in town nights and have an opportunity for his nasty philandering. Not that Captax gets off scot-free. Not on your life. He falls in love with Janet, after trifling with Barbara's affections, and when she leaves him, he feels just plain miserable. They all do. In the end, they all live unhappily ever after, except the Cowleys. They're just numb.

It's not just that *A Traveling*

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Woman is a bad novel, clumsily plotted, carelessly written and peopled with ciphers. Anyone can write a bad novel; it's not a felony. But the point is that John Wain, one of the really good English novelists, poets, and critics, has dropped a dreadful clinker. For some reason, Mr. Wain has not been able to apply his usually formidable and uproarious imaginative pressure to his characters and situations. Symptomatic of this failure is a potentially marvelous scene in which Captax impersonates Volumnis before Janet. But somehow the scene just isn't funny, and soon Janet reveals she wasn't convinced for a moment. Nor was the author apparently. This reviewer can only say, more in sorrow than in anger, "Louder and funnier, Wain."

Witty and Wise

SATAN AND CARDINAL CAMPBELL. By Bruce Marshall. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.

By CHARLES MONAGHAN

IN HIS LATEST novel, Bruce Marshall is large of heart but slight of art. His hero, Donald Dunwhinnie Campbell, successively priest, bishop, archbishop and cardinal, travels forth from his native Scotland, scouting familiar Marshall scenery in France and Spain, and journeying even to wild contemporary America, where he finds some clergy perhaps too fond of life's good things but others perceptive and outspoken in their faith.

Mr. Marshall has always been a funny writer (*Vespers in Vienna,* for instance, was Waugh-like in its biting satire of the military) and his latest work is no exception. A special way of handling humor which Mr. Marshall has exhibited before is very evident here: he has the fondness for a punchline of a Catskills comedian. As one conversation between a cardinal and an archbishop goes:

"Your Grace, nobody takes Protestantism seriously any longer —least of all Protestants."

"I just can't believe that, Your Eminence. Otherwise why are the inhabitants of Stockholm so much more honest than those of Naples?"

"That's no answer, Your Grace. Just imagine what the Neapolitans would have been like if they had been Wesleyan Methodists."

The difference between what clergymen should be and what they are is the author's main concern. Mr. Marshall states the problem well but never succeeds in convincing us that his hero deeply feels the mission of his priesthood. Father, Bishop, Archbishop and Cardinal Campbell hasn't really learned very much by the end of his life, and, unfortunately, it appears to be his very holiness which keeps him from doing so. That saintly people are capable of continuing growth is obvious, and is attested to by such a work as St. Theresa's autobiography, but the description of such growth is necessarily so subtle as to strain the conventions of the novel. An account of what it means to be a priest is better given, for instance, in the radically kinetic character of the renegade in *The Power and the Glory* than in any of Mr. Marshall's novels.

Though artistic subtlety is not among them, the virtues of *Satan and Cardinal Campbell* are palpable and typical of Mr. Marshall's writing. It is a witty and wise book. Even the author's crotchety arguments for antivivisection only add to the charm.

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Rife with Life

A SHOT IN THE DARK. By David Garnett. Little, Brown. $3.50.

By EDWIN KENNEBECK

MR. GARNETT, who wrote a rather popular novel called *Aspects of Love* a few years ago, and a very popular one called *Lady into Fox* in 1922, now gives us an adventure called *A Shot in the Dark*. It has to do with one of those small, rife Italian towns that we often read about these days—rife with a great deal for such a small community: a vigorous and unscrupulous Communist attempt to win the mayoralty away from the Christian Democrats; a young temperamental woman, the mayor's daughter, who is susceptible to the charms of both sexes; a bishop who is worried about his loss of popularity among the inhabitants; a senile Englishman; and a man who specializes in secretly photographing the intimate activities of important citizens. There are also some clandestine doings related to the worship of Diana.

These strains of intrigue are brought to focus around a visiting Englishman, Robert Harcourt, who falls in love with the mayor's daughter and becomes involved in an attempt to discredit the local Communist agitator. When the soup begins to get too thick, he makes a secret jaunt to the United States to dig up proof that the Communist villain is really an American troublemaker, and when Harcourt returns to Italy he finds that his girl friend has taken up with Caroline, a sinister Englishwoman who was formerly his mistress. The soup is now even thicker, and at one point—for this reader, at least—it positively curdles; but there is that shot in the dark, which indirectly more or less settles the mixture.

Mr. Garnett handles this very plotty story with balance and economy, mostly avoiding the confusions that it might have led to; in fact, from a structural point of view it seems to be quite an achievement. And he is a knowledgeable writer, so that one does not feel that he means to suggest a leer in his notations on the sometimes sordid doings of his characters. Still, he does not achieve that tone, both sophisticated and merry, with which Norman Douglas (in *South Wind*) and Compton Mackenzie (in *Extraordinary Women*) wrote of scandalous doings in southern climes.

Nor has he matched the style of his own *Lady into Fox*—a deliberately archaic manner just suited to that brief fantasy—or of *A Man in the Zoo*, another fantasy that followed it. An acute reviewer in the London *Times Literary Supplement* thirty-five years ago, commenting on *A Man in the Zoo*, suggested that Mr. Garnett "proceed with the greatest delicacy," because the value of his style "lies in the triumph of quality over quantity, of skill over strength."

But this recent style of Mr. Garnett's is curiously variable. It is as if an accomplished writer, long accustomed to the fact that a certain kind of story has to be accomplished with bold but simple strokes, had at times mistaken ordinary haste and carelessness for the virtuoso touch. *A Shot in the Dark* might be made, with some alterations, into a good play or movie; that is, some workable elements of situation and character are there, waiting to be properly realized. But in such sentences as "Everyone ate enormously and did not scruple to show enjoyment," and " 'Why should we ever go back to that little town with its sinister under-currents of intrigue?' said Robert," there is a suggestion of laboriousness, or rather of labor yet to be done. Between the deft strokes there is many a pale smudge.

REVIEWERS

Rosemary Deen is engaged in advanced studies in English literature.

Robert Gutwillig, a novelist, is on the staff of a large New York publishing house.

Charles A. Monaghan is on the administrative staff of New York University.

Edwin Kennebeck, a regular reviewer, is on the staff of a leading New York publishing house.

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